

THE OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK MAGAZINE!

SPRING 1999

RESIDENT EVIL #5



• FEATURING "KANE & ABE," THE EXCITING CONCLUSION TO "DEAD AIR/ZOMBIES ABROAD," PLUS TWO OTHER THRILLING STORIES!

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RESIDENT EVIL

The Official Comic Book Magazine #5 - Spring 1999



In this issue:

- "...And the Last Shall Be First" - Dexter Whittam, teenage genius, is victimized by schoolyard bullies. Breaking into a secret Umbrella laboratory, he steals a vial of the G-virus. Now it's time for him to turn the tables on his tormentors.
Story by Kris Oprisko
Art by Lee Bermejo
- "Emmy's Bloody Spoon" - Claire Redfield's first experience in Raccoon City was to stumble on a horrific scene of carnage in the local diner. Find out how the bloodbath started in the moments before she arrived.
Story by Ted Adams
Art by Ryan Odagawa
- "Kane & Abe" - In their quest for Umbrella's European HQ, Chris, Jill, and Barry have narrowly avoided death in the air and battled zombies across the continent. Now they face the biggest danger yet in a creepy German castle. Will they escape with their lives?
Story by Ted Adams
Art by Carlos D'Anda
- The Resident Evil Files - This issue, we feature Barry Burton, the Licker, Leon S. Kennedy, and the baby.
- Epitaphs - More wild and wonderful letters and art from Resident Evil fans worldwide!

Credits:

Based on characters and situations from the Capcom video games Resident Evil and Resident Evil 2.

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Editorial Office, 4015 Highway 10, #200, L.A., CA 90027, 818.333.8730
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THE PRESTIGIOUS PINE GROVE ACADEMY, NESTLED IN THE ROLLING FAIRLAND OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA, IS ONE OF THE NATION'S FINEST BOARDING SCHOOLS.

TO DEXTER WHITMAN, IT'S HOME. A PLACE TO MOKE HIS INTELLECTUAL PROBLEMS. A PLACE TO PONDER THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE.

AN ALMOST PERFECT ENVIRONMENT FOR HIM.

THESE Hallowed Halls ARE A MAGNET FOR SOME OF AMERICA'S BRIGHTEST YOUNG MINDS, AS WELL AS THE LESS DESERVING SONS OF OLD MONEY FAMILIES.

JIM LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY
...AND THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

KRIS OPRISKO STORY
LEE BERMEJO PENCILS

JOHN TIGHE INKS
ROB ROBBINS LETTERS

WILDSTORM FX COMPUTER COLORS





LATER THAT NIGHT, DEXTER REPTHER WITH BARK AS THE LUVANY OF INSIGNITIES HE'S SUFFERED AT HIS TORMENTORS' HANDS PLAYS IN HIS MIND.



THOSE
BARTARDS ARE
GONNA GET
WHAT'S COMING
TO THEM.



KELLY THORNSHIRE, LEADER OF THE "IN"
CROWD AND SON OF ARMAMENT TYCOON
CLYDE THORNSHIRE, BOLD AND
PRETENTIOUS WITH A NASTY MEAN STREAK.



MARK ROCKINGTON III, NARCISSTIC
PRETTY BOY, ALWAYS READY TO
IMPRESS THE LADIES WITH A SHOW OF
STRENGTH AT DEXTER'S EXPENSE.



TODD LAMMENDALORE, DON BITTER
FOOTBALL BRAG, WOULD DO
ANYTHING KELLY ASKED HIM TO
IN ORDER TO REMAIN POPULAR.





THEY HAVE NO
IDEA WHO THEY'RE
TRESPASSING WITH. ONE DAY
THESE PAPERBOAT THINGS
WILL EXHAUST THE PATIENCE
AND FORTUNE OF THEIR
FAMILIES, WHILE I'LL BE A
REVERED SCIENTIFIC
GENIUS!

THEY'LL...
THEY'LL CRAWL
TO ME, BEGGING
FOR MY HELP!



NOW
I'LL ENJOY
CRUSHING
THEM!



UNDER COVER OF
DARKNESS, DUSTY
WEEKS CRY OUT OF HIS
DORMITORY.



MAYBE
TONIGHT I'LL GET
MY CHANCE.



WAREHOUSE DISTRICT, UTAH. THE
BUSTLE OF DAYTIME COMMERCE HAS
GIVEN WAY TO DEADLY SILENCE, BROKEN
ONLY BY THE SATTERING OF RAIN.



DRIVEN FROM THE DOORNS BY KELLY AND HIS
CREW ONE NIGHT, DEXTER RAN UNTIL HE
COLLAPSED FROM EXHAUSTION BEHIND THE
VERY DUMPTER WHICH NOW AIDS HIM.

THEN, AS NOW, HE WATCHED IN AWE
AS DELIVERY MEN STEALTHILY GARTED
SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT INTO A WARE-
HOUSE. THE STRANGE MACHINERY HE
SAW UNLOADED THAT NIGHT SPARKED
HIS CURIOSITY.



SINCE THEN, HE'S BEEN
RETURNING NOCTURN, WAITING
FOR A CHANCE TO INVESTIGATE.





HOLY SHIT!
WHAT IS THIS
STUFF??



IT LOOKS LIKE A
BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH
FACILITY, BUT...



COOL! OBVIOUSLY
SOME SORT OF GENETIC
CODE MANIPULATION LEADING
TO MASSIVE MUTATION. THIS
THING COULD DO SOME
SERIOUS DAMAGE.



AND I'D BUY
MY LIFE THAT WAY IS
PART OF THE PROCESS.
I'LL JUST ACCESS THAT
COMPUTER...

...AND THEN
THE MONK SAYS,
"PULL IT AND I'LL
TELL YOU!"

HA HA HA!
JACKIE, THE
JOKERMAN
KILLS ME!



WELL SURE,
WE'VE GOT A
SECURITY
BREACH!

THERE HE
GOES! LOOKS
LIKE SOME
RED.



PROBABLY
JUST A THREAT
SEEKER. I WAS
KIND OF WILD
WHEN I WAS
YOUNGER, TOO.

DUDE, THE
UMBRELLA
BRANCH IS GONNA
CAN OUR BUTTS IF
ANYTHING'S
HAPPENED TO
THEIR STORY.



DON'T LOOK
LIKE NOTHING'S
WORTH, THOUGH.
WHAT WOULD
WE GET?

DUNNO.
PRETEND IT DIDN'T
HAPPEN AND COUNT
OURSELVES LUCKY,
I GUESS.





YOU FEELUS-
MAINED IDIOTS! DID YOU
REALLY THINK WE WOULD
FAIL TO NOTICE A MISSING
O-VIRUS SAMPLE? PERHAPS
YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE THE
SUBJECTS OF OUR NEW
EXPERIMENT ON HOW LONG
ONE CAN LIVE WHEN
SKINNED ALIVE?

MR. VENK, PERHAPS IT'S
TIME FOR SOME
NOT-*SO*-GENTLE
PERSUASION.

N-NO, PLEASE, I
SWEAR WE WEREN'T
TRYING TO COVER
NOTHING UP.

AND YET
YOU REPORTED
NO BREAK-IN
INTERESTING.

IT WAS JUST
WELL, WE ONLY SEEN
HIM RUNNING OUT, BUT HE
WAS JUST A TEENAGER, WE
THOUGHT HE WAS LOOKING FOR
A TRAIL. WHAT COULD HE
KNOW ABOUT ALL THIS
SCIENTIFIC STUFF?

A TEENAGER?

IT LOOKS LIKE
WE'VE GOT A FEW
SCHOOLBOYS TO VISIT. THANK
YOU, GENTLEMEN, YOUR
INFORMATION HAS BEEN
VERY HELPFUL.

YOU MAY
WELL THEM
NOW, MR.
VENK.



THE
SUPREMACY
FIELD HOUSE

GOOD
PRACTICE. WADE,
LOCK UP WHEN
YOU LEAVE.

NO PROB.
LATER, DUDE.

LOOKING GOOD
NO WONDER CHICKS
DO ME!

HE... HE
HELLO, WADE...
DAAA...AK





EVERYBODY
MOVE YOUR
BODY.



BACKSTREET'S
BACK -- ALRIGHT!

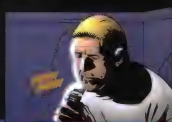


HUH, WHAT
DO I FEEL LIKE
TODAY? SMOOGE
HARD OR
DONUTS?



PEBBY
NOUANT
CRUNCH





EXCELLENT
MR. VANK. IT
SEEMS THIS
INTERNAL SEARCH
IS AT AN END.

THESE NOTES
INDICATE THAT OUR
YOUNG THIEF DEKTER
WHITMAN FANCIED HIMSELF
SOMETHING OF A SCIENCE
PRODIGY. HIS RESEARCH
IS QUITE AMAZING,
ACTUALLY.

AND OBSERVE THE
VIAL OF G-VIRUS. MY
SILENT FRIEND. IF YOU
LOOK CLOSELY YOU'LL SEE
A HINT OF HUMAN BLOOD
IN THE SOLUTION. HE'S
INJECTED HIMSELF.

LET'S
TAKE HIM
DOWN.

RITZINGERS
OF THUNDERBOLT



ANOTHER UPPER
DECK SHOT BY KELLY
THORNSHIRE! THE
CROWD GOES WILD!

KRAK



HE EYES
THE DITCHER,
WAITING FOR--



WHAT
THE...?







THAT'S RIGHT. WE KNOW YOUR NAME, AND QUITE A BIT MORE. YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF TO BE A SCRAWNY PINEPOY. UNLOCKING THE SECRET OF THE G-VIRUS IN A MATTER OF HOURS, AND THAT KILLING STREEP OF YOURS... QUITE NASTY.

IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME FOR YOU TO RECOVER FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE VIRUS, BUT WHEN YOU DO, MY EMPLOYERS AT UMBRELLA ARE PREPARED TO OFFER YOU UNLIMITED RESOURCES TO PURSUE OUR UNIQUE RESEARCH.

A MIND LIKE YOURS COMES ALONG ONCE IN A GENERATION. AT UMBRELLA, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR INTELLECT FREE FROM THE FETTERS OF SO-CALLED ETHICAL BEHAVIOR.

WE BELIEVE IT WILL BE AN ABSOLUTELY PERFECT ENVIRONMENT FOR YOU. WELCOME.



Leon S. Kennedy

Age: 21

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 155 lbs.

Blood Type: A

Leon S. Kennedy graduated from the Police Academy at the top of his class. He was all that a Raccoon City police officer could hope to be. Highly intelligent, supremely confident, and a crack shot. All that he was lacking was experience in the field.

Fate ordained that Leon would gain that experience all too quickly. Arriving in Raccoon City when the population was in the throes of Umbrella's contamination, he needed all his skills to simply stay alive. Leon has made it his personal mission to fight Umbrella's evil wherever it may appear.



The Resident Evil Files

The Resident Evil Files

Baby

In the earliest stages of G-virus infection, the unfortunate human host metastasizes hideously while the baby grows inside its body. When the infant is ready to emerge, the host ejects the monster in a hail of vomit. Once free of its host, the young monstrosity spreads parasites to infect others.





DAMN IT, DOD.
CAN'T YOU READ
THAT MAP?

CALM DOWN,
TERRY!



IT WAS YOUR
IDEA TO "SEE THE
COUNTRY" ON OUR
HONEYMOON. I
WANTED TO GO TO
THE BAHAMAS.

THERE'S A SIGN,
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE
ENTERING RACCOON
CITY.



RACCOON CITY!
I DON'T SEE THAT
ON THE MAP.

I THINK WE
COULD USE A BREAK-
LYN AND SOMETHING
TO GET SOMETHING
TO EAT.

JON LEE AND WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS PRESENT
A RESIDENT EVIL STORY
EMMY'S BLOODY SPOON

BASED ON AN IDEA BY CARLOS D'ANDA

TED ADAMS STORY

RYAN ODAGAWA PENCILS

EMMY #55: PP. 1-5

JOHN TIGHE INKS

WILDSTORM F.X. P. 6

ROB ROBBINS LETTERS

COMPUTER COLORS









OK, I WASN'T WORRIED ABOUT THE VOWS. I'VE ALREADY WENT THERE WENT THAT MANY FOLKS BEHIND FOR POORE

IS SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH

WELL THAT'S TO GO RIGHT



WELL THAT'S TO GO RIGHT





GET OFF ME!

NO!

HRRG HHHH

WHAT?

HRRGGGHHH
DEATHHHH
PARTS!

THE END

Barry Burton

Age: 38

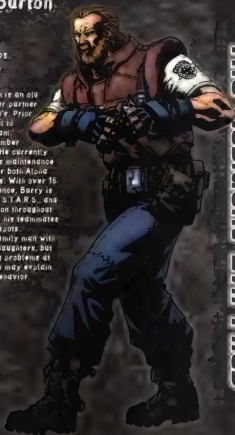
Height: 6'0"

Weight: 197 lbs.

Blood Type: A

Barry Burton is an old friend and former partner of Chris Redfield's. Prior to his assignment to the S.T.A.R.S. team, Barry was a member of a SWAT unit. He currently handles weapons maintenance and inventory for both Alpha and Bravo teams. With over 15 years of experience, Barry is a great asset to S.T.A.R.S., and can be relied upon throughout a mission to pull his teammates out of any tight spots.

Barry is a family man with a wife and two daughters, but he's been having problems at home lately. This may explain his recent odd behavior.



The Resident Evil Files

The Resident Evil Files

Licker

An example of the lethal genetic engineering practiced by Umbrella, the Licker is a savage killing machine. Its fearsome claws allow the beast to cling to even the smoothest of surfaces, while its tongue can skewer prey from long distance.





WE COME TO
EUROPE LOOKING
FOR UMBRELLA'S
HEADQUARTERS...

...AND
ALL I FIND IS
SOME TOMB
VIKING.

THEY RESEMBLE
THE "TOMBEN"
BRIEFED?

JIM LEE AND
WILDSTORM PRODUCTIONS
PRESENT
**A RESIDENT
EVIL STORY**

KANE & ABE

TED ADAMS
STORY

CARLOS D'ANDA
PENCILS

MARK IRWIN
INKS

WILDSTORM FX:
PP. 1-5

BAD @\$\$:
PP. 6-17

COMPUTER COLORS

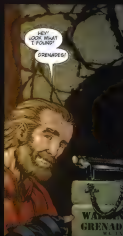
ROB ROBBINS
LETTERS



GUYS, WE
FOUND THE RIGHT
PLACE.



FREAKY
TOMBIES!









WHA...?
ARE?

WHERE'D YOU
GO, YOU LITTLE
NEASE-??

SELF-DESTRUCT

7:30



GREAT! ANOTHER
SELF-EXPLODING
UMBRELLA
HEADQUARTERS.

THESE
FARZAND
BASTARDS DO
MORE DAMAGE
TO THEIR STUFF
THAN WE DO!



WELL WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE?
WHAT IS THIS
THING?

JUST ANOTHER "I
TALK NONSENSE
NOTHING TO WORRY
ABOUT."

SELF-DESTRUCT

6:00



SELF-DESTRUCT

5:55

NOW
THAT'S
SOMETHING
TO WORRY
ABOUT.

LOOK, I'LL
EXPLAIN IT
LATER. WE
BETTER MOVE!



SELF-DESTRUCT

4:00

GRARGHHHHH!!

THE SELF-DESTRUCT SYSTEM MIGHT HAVE BACKFIREN SOME WATER PIPES. I CAN BARELY SEE THROUGH THIS STEAM.

I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SEE IT, BUT I BET BULLETS WON'T STOP THIS THING.

USE THE GRENADES!



SELF-DESTRUCT **3:00**

SELF-DESTRUCT

2:00



SELF-DESTRUCT

1:00



SELF-DESTRUCT

0:30





DAMN! I'M
GONNA FEEL THAT
ONE IN THE
MORNING. NOW
WHATT?

MAYBE THAT
WAS THE LAST
OF THEM.

GIVE ME A
BREAK! DID THE
DEEP SCRAMBLE
YOUR BRAIN? NO
WAY WAS THAT
THE LAST OF
UMBRELLA!

HEY THERE
BIG BROTHER!

CLARET?

CLARET?
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?!

I GOT WORRIED
WHEN I COULDN'T FIND
YOU IN RACCOON CITY, SO
I READ YOUR DIARY AND IT
SAID YOU WERE COMING TO
EUROPE. WE MET FALCON
AND HE TOLD US WHERE
YOU WERE. THIS IS MY
FRIEND, LEON.

LOOKS
LIKE YOU'VE
GOT A STORY
FOR US.

YOU DON'T
KNOW THE HALF
OF IT, PAL. GUESS
WE'LL DEAL YOU IN
ON THE WAY BACK
TO THE U.S.

BACK?!
BUT WE JUST
GOT HERE!

FIN